

Sunday, July 5, 1942

Dear Kitty,

The graduation ceremony in the Jewish Theater on Friday went as expected. My report card wasn't too bad. I got one D, a C- in algebra and all the rest B's, except for two B+'s and two B-'s. My parents are pleased, but they're not like other parents when it comes to grades. They never worry about report cards, good or bad. As long as I'm healthy and happy and don't talk back too much, they're satisfied. If these three things are all right, everything else will take care of itself.

I'm just the opposite. I don't want to be a poor student. I was accepted to the Jewish Lyceum on a conditional basis. I was supposed to stay in the seventh grade at the Montessori School, but when Jewish children were required to go to Jewish schools, Mr. Elte finally agreed, after a great deal of persuasion, to accept Lies Goslar and me. Lies also passed this year, though she has to repeat her geometry exam.

Poor Lies. It isn't easy for her to study at home; her baby sister, a

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